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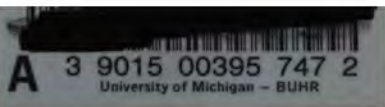
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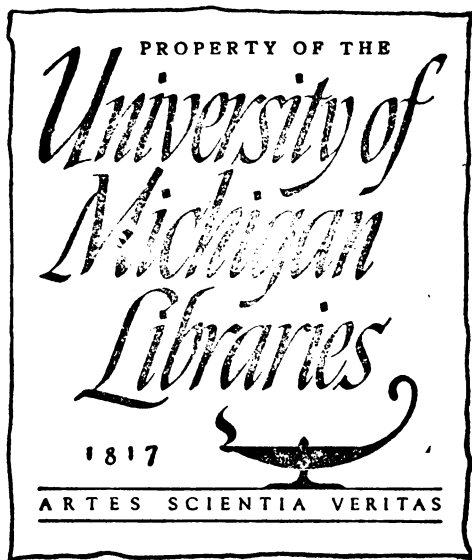
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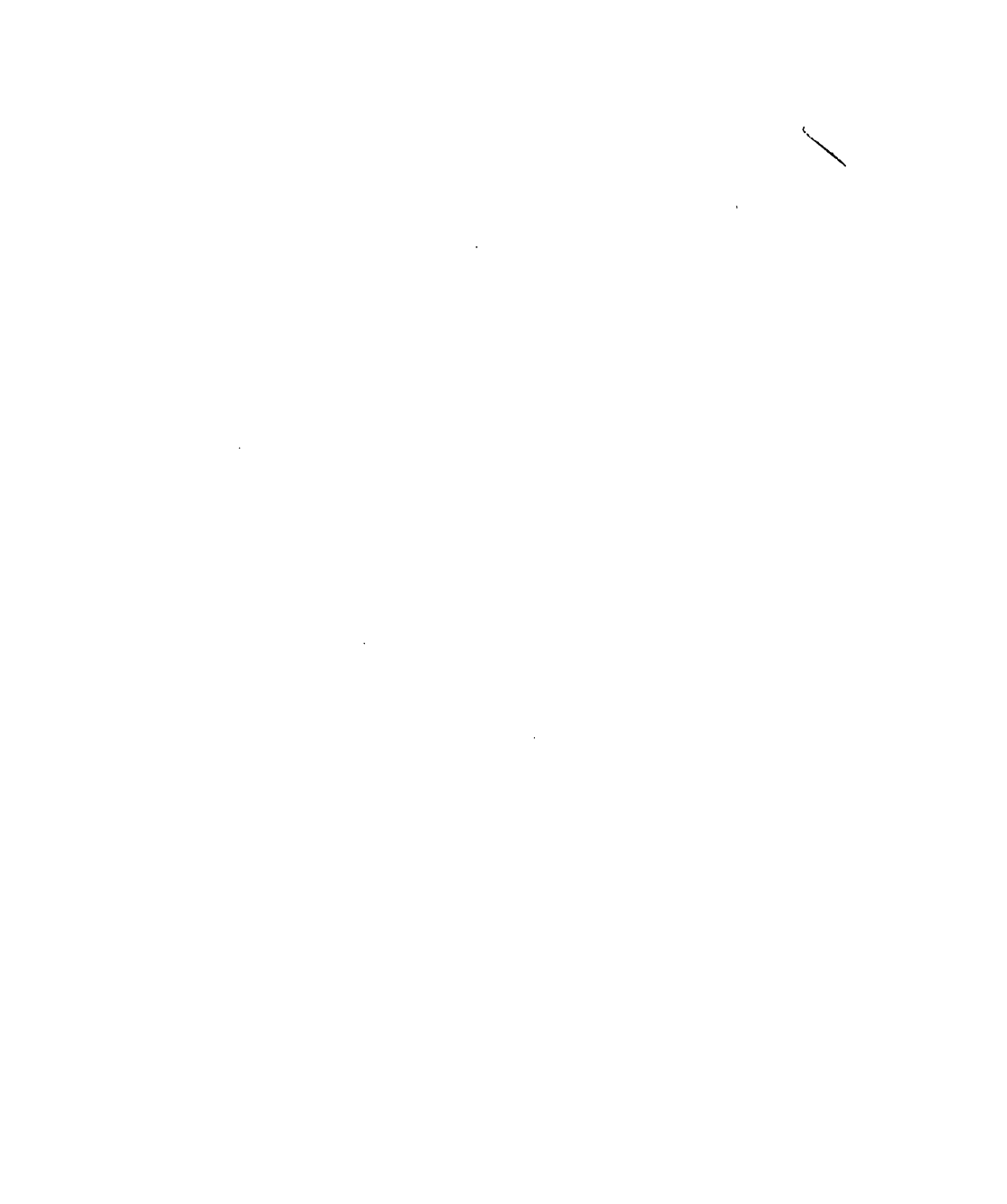
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HOFFMANN'S "CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE."

One Upward Look Each Day

POEMS OF HOPE AND FAITH

SELECTED BY J. T. SUNDERLAND
FIFTH EDITION.

Revised and New Poems Added.

*"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead, Thou me on."*

ANN ARBOR, MICH.
GEORGE WAHR, PUBLISHER.
1903.

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Wrote Goethe in "*Wilhelm Meister*":

"Every day we should hear at"

"least one little song, read"

"one good poem, and look at"

"one choice picture."

I am sure this is a wise rule of life. It is the object of this little volume to furnish for each day the "One Good Poem." And is not the very best poem always that which gives us an "upward look"—toward "the hills whence cometh our help?"

J. C. S.

140447

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY

JANUARY

SUNDAY

EACH NEW MORNING

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and
bled,
Are healed with the healing which night
has shed.

Let them go since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;

One Upward Look Each Day.

Only the new days are our own :
 To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning ;
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day, and begin again.
Susan Coolidge.

MONDAY
STEPPING STONES

I count this thing to be grandly true,
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet ;
 By what we have mastered of good and
 gain ;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
 We may borrow the wings to find the
 way—

One Upward Look Each Day. 3

We may hope and resolve and aspire and
pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

— J. G. Holland.

TUESDAY

'T WOULD MAKE A BETTER WORLD

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefields and glory ;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story ;
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to hate it and abhor it ;
If more relied
On love to guide,—
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal ;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal ;

One Upward Look Each Day.

If men stored up love's oil and wine
And on bruised human hearts would
pour it;

If "yours" and "mine"

Would once combine,—

The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone

In truth alone,—

The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men, when wrong beats down the right,
Would strike together to restore it;
If right made might
In every fight,—

The world would be the better for it.

N. H. Cobb.

WEDNESDAY

DAY BY DAY

Every day has its dawn,
Its soft and silent eve,
Its noontide hours of bliss or bale;—
Why should we grieve?

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?

Each turning round a small sweet face
As beautiful as near;
Because it has so small a face
We will not see it clear;

We will not clasp it as it flies
And kiss its lips and brow;
We will not bathe our wearied souls
In its delicious now.

And so it turns from us, and goes
Away in sad disdain;
Though we would give our lives for it,
It never comes again.

6 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Yet every day has its dawn,
Its noontide and its eve:
Live while we live, giving God thanks;
He will not let us grieve.
Dinah Mulloch Craik.

THURSDAY

"AS THE GRASS"

My days are as the grass :
Swiftly my seasons pass,
And like the flower of the field I fade ;
O Soul, dost thou not see,
The wise have likened thee
To the most living creature that is
made?

My days are as the grass :
The feet of trouble pass,
And leave me trampled that I cannot
rise ;
But wait a little while,
And I shall lift and smile,
Before the sweet congratulating skies.

My days are as the grass :
Soon out of sight I pass,

One Upward Look Each Day. 7

And in the bleak earth must hide my
head;
The wind that passes o'er
Will find my place no more,—
The wind of death will tell that I am
dead.

But how shall I rejoice
When I shall hear the voice
Of Him who, keeping Spring with Him
always,
Lest hope from men should pass,
Hath made us as the grass,—
The grass that always has another day.
Carl Spencer.

FRIDAY

TO THY BEST SELF BE TRUE

Follow thy better heart,
Follow thy better will,
And so thy better self
In thy best self fulfill—
To thy best self be true.

To hold an honest place,
To own an honest name,

One Upward Look Each Day.

To feel an honest heart,
Is more than wealth or fame—
To thy best self be true.

As thou to others art
In help and charity,
So time and circumstance
One day will be to thee—
To thy best self be true.

Whate'er the world may say,
However pride may boast,
That thing is best for thee
That helpeth others most—
To thy best self be true.

Go, face the future then:
Obey thy soul's best word;
'Twill lead thy steps to peace,
'Twill lead thy heart to God—
To thy best self be true.

So shall thy influence bless,
And when thy years are past
So shall thy better self
Thy angel be at last—
To thy best self be true.
Hezekiah Butterworth.

SATURDAY

I CLIMB TO REST

Still must I climb if I would rest :
The bird soars upward to its nest ;
The young leaf on its tree-top high
Cradles itself against the sky.

I cannot in the valley stay ;
The great horizons stretch away ;
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work, to rest, for each a time !
I toil, but I must also climb ;
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries ?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own ;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend ;
Her breeze invites, the stars befriend ;
All things are beckoning to the best ;
I climb to Thee, O God, for rest.

Lucy Larcom.



FEBRUARY

SUNDAY

LOVE DEEPER THAN ALL

There lies in the center of each man's heart
A longing and love for the good and pure,
And if but an atom, or a larger part,
I tell you this shall endure, endure,
After the body has gone to decay—
Yea, after the world has passed away.

The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls toward heights
above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders of
love—
A love so limitless, deep, and broad
That men have renamed it and called it God.

And nothing that ever was born or evolved,
Nothing created by light or force.



But deep in its system there lies dissolved
A shining drop from the great Love
Source—
A shining drop that shall live for aye
Though kingdoms may perish, and stars may
die.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MONDAY

THE NINE PARADISES.

"Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."
—*Jesus.*

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises:
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradises;
But Blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradises;
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Rather, O man! want those eight Paradises
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are those eight Paradises
When thou the ninth one hast within thy
breast.

W. R. Alger. From the Arabic.

TUESDAY

UNSULLIED

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."
—*Jesus.*

I watched the sparrows flitting here and there,
In quest of food, about the miry street;
Such nameless fare as seems to sparrows
sweet

They sought with greedy clamor everywhere.
Yet 'mid their strife I noted with what care
They held upraised their fluttering pinions
fleet;

They trod the mire with soiled and grimy feet,
But kept their wings unsullied in the air.

I, too, like thee, O sparrow, toil to gain
My scanty portion from life's sordid ways,
Like thee, too, often hungry, I am fain
To strive with greed and envy all my days.
Would that I, too, like thee, might learn the
grace

To keep my soul's uplifted wings from stain.

Susan M. Spalding.

WEDNESDAY

THE BEST PATH

He chose this path for thee!
No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps
here;
He knew the way was rough and desolate;
Knew how thy heart would often sink with
fear,
Yet tenderly He whispered, "Child, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee!
Though well He knew sharp thorns would tear
thy feet,
Knew how the brambles would obstruct thy
way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou would'st
meet,
Knew how thy faith would falter day by day;
Yet still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee!
What need'st thou more, than this sweet truth
to know,

14 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

That all along these strange bewildering
ways,
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,
His loving arms will bear thee all the days ?
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see
This path is best for thee.

Anon.

THURSDAY

TO-DAY

Build not on to-morrow,
But seize on to-day !
From no future borrow,
The present to pay.

Wait not any longer
Thy work to begin ;
By work we grow stronger ;
Be steadfast and win.

The task of the present
Be sure to fulfill ;
If irksome, or pleasant,
Be true to it still.

Forebode not new sorrow ;
Bear that of to-day,

One Upward Look Each Day. 15

And trust that to-morrow
Shall chase it away.

Thomas Hill.

FRIDAY

THE THINGS THAT ENDURE

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right ;
That it is not good to lie ;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy ;

I know that passion needs
The leash of sober mind ;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find ;

One Upward Look Each Day.

That the rulers must obey;
 That the givers shall increase;
 That Duty lights the way
 For the beautiful feet of Peace;

In the darkest night of the year,
 When the stars have all gone out,
 That courage is better than fear;
 That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
 And long though the angels hide,
 I know that Truth and Right
 Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
 Is a Love that is better than fate.
 When the night unlocks her bars
 I shall see Him, and I will wait.
Washington Gladden.

SATURDAY**THE COVERT OF THY WINGS**

"I will abide in Thy tabernacle forever; I will trust in the covert of Thy wings"—*Ps. lxi, 4.*

I am drifting away to some other shore,
 I know not where it may be;

One Upward Look Each Day. 17

But, Spirit of Love, wherever I go,
My soul will abide in Thee.

I have known Thy love in the years long
passed,
In seasons of grief and care;
And I know Thy peace, which has blessed
me here,
Will comfort and bless me there.

I am drifting away from familiar scenes,
From the friends I've known of old;
And things I have valued and held as mine
My life will no longer hold.

I am drifting away, as the years go by,
Out over Eternity's sea;
But, Hope of my Life, wherever I go,
My soul will abide in Thee.

Beatrice West.

MARCH

SUNDAY

THERE IS NO DEATH

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer show-
ers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into Paradise
Adorn immortal bowers.

One Upward Look Each Day. 19

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

And sometimes when our hearts grow
faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep,

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!
John L. McCreery.

MONDAY

THE RIGHT ROAD

I have lost the road to happiness—
Does anyone know it, I pray?

20 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

I was dwelling there when the morn was
fair,

But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasure,
And ran to pursue them, when, lo!

I had lost the path to happiness,
And I knew not whither to go.

I have lost the way to happiness—

Oh! who will lead me back?

Turn off from the highway of selfishness,
To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along and you can't go
wrong;

For, as sure as you live, I say,

The fair lost fields of happiness

Can only be found that way.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TUESDAY

JUST BE GLAD

O heart of mine, we shouldn't

Worry so!

What we've missed of calm we couldn't

Have, you know!

What we've got of stormy pain,

One Upward Look Each Day.

21

And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Then let us be content.
We know that every morrow
Can't be sad:
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

James Whitcomb Riley.

WEDNESDAY

WHAT I LIVE FOR

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,

22 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When, man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,

One Upward Look Each Day. 23

Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. Linnaeus Banks.

THURSDAY

DIVINE HELP

O Name, all other names above,
What art Thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust Thy love
And cast my care on Thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone Thy fullness fill!

24 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

Frederick L. Hosmer.

FRIDAY

SCULPTORS

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him;
He carved it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture
shone:
He had caught the angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's com-
mand,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us ;
If we carve it then on the yieding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision.

— G. W. Doane.

SATURDAY

SUNRISE

The world swings out toward the light,
And skies are growing clearer,
The gray dawn is on the hills,
The golden glow draws nearer.

Forever when the night grows long,
And human moan ascendeth,
God's justice strikes the haughty wrong,
And His long suffering endeth.

Since Calvary and Olivet,
There is no hopeless sorrow ;
Wrong ever builds a tottering throne,
And Christ shall reign to-morrow.

Anon.

APRIL

SUNDAY

THE SOUL'S CALM

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commo-
tion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest !
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed silence at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

MONDAY

TAKE MY HAND

The way is dark, my Father. Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered. Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father, and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions: fears — a spectral
band—
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father, and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my
hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child.

Anon.

TUESDAY

WATCH, PRAY, AND WORK

Cheek grow pale, but heart be vigorous!

Body fail, but soul have peace!

Welcome, pain, thou searcher rigorous!

Slay me, but my faith increase.

Sin, o'er senses softly stealing,

Doubt, that would my strength impair,

Hence at once from life and feeling!

Now my cross I gladly bear.

Up, my soul! with clear sedateness

Read heaven's law, writ bright and broad!

Up! a sacrifice to greatness,

Truth, and goodness—up to God!

Up to labor! from thee shaking

Off the bonds of sloth, be brave!

Give thyself to prayer and waking;

Toil some fainting heart to save.

Frederika Bremer.

WEDNESDAY

JUDGE KINDLY

Judge not the workings of a brain
And of a heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou would'st only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that, below,
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling
 grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

Adelaide Proctor.

THURSDAY**BEYOND THE RIVER**

When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below,
Must forever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know;

One Upward Look Each Day. 31

Bear me, thou life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.
Anon.

FRIDAY

UNDER THE LEAVES

Oft have I walked the woodland paths
Without the blest foreknowing
That, underneath the withered leaves,
The fairest buds were growing.
To-day the south wind sweeps away
The wrecks of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children pure and tender.

O prophet souls, with lips of bloom
Outvying in their beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells!
Ye teach me faith and duty.
Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With love's divine foreknowing
That, where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the sweet flowers growing.
A. Laighton.

SATURDAY**MY CREED**

I believe in human kindness,
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in self-denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of duty,
Warning us to self-control—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
In the God-like wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,
That he may regain the stature
He hath lost, I do believe.

I believe in love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day;
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,

One Upward Look Each Day. 33

In the glory of beholding
Its perfection, I believe.

I believe in love eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still ;
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph I believe.

Anon.

MAY

SUNDAY

BEAUTIFUL TO BE ALIVE

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake each morn as if the Maker's face
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, How happy is our case,
How beautiful it is to be alive!

To read in some good book until we feel
Love for the one who wrote it; then to kneel
Close unto Him, whose love our soul will
shrive,
While every moment's joy doth more reveal.
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget when pain and grief draw
nigh,
Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies; or to try
To bear all nobly, hoping still to cry
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Thus ever toward man's height of nobleness
Striving, some new progression to contrive;
Till, just as any other friend's we press
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the
less,
How beautiful it is to be alive.

H. S. Sutton.

MONDAY

LARVAE

My little maiden of four years old—
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of
gold—

Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.
Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill
her,
She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely
smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring, half-awed and
shy,

36 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

She added, "While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly?"

They were words to the thought of the soul
that turns

From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On what so beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting
love

Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings
should grow?

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

TUESDAY

THE SOUL LIVES EVER

The ship may sink,
And I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;

One Upward Look Each Day. 37

But all that I leave
In the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I
Though fall the sky,
And the shriveling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom
Can ever consume
What never was made nor meant to burn.

Let go the breath,
There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm.
Not of the clod
Is the life of God:
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.
C. G. Ames.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent.
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again.
R. W. Emerson.

WEDNESDAY**LIFE**

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night!—
Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night!—Forenoon, and
—what!

The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is life: Make this forenoon
sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.
E. R. Sill.

THURSDAY**GOD'S WILL BE DONE**

I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it seems so dear!

"Dear Lord," I pray, "O let me know
If it is wrong to want it so?"
He only smiles—He does not speak:
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long,—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

— *Saxe Holm.*

FRIDAY

THE LESSON OF THE SWALLOW

A swallow in the Spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but, ere her work was
crowned,

40 *One Upward Look Each Day.* .

Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she
flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses
brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again—and last night, hearing
calls,
I looked,—and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or
plan?
Have Faith and struggle on!

R. S. S. Andros.

SATURDAY

PRAYER-ANSWER

At first I prayed for Light:—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:—
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;—

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Edna D. Cheney.

JUNE

SUNDAY

MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea ;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me ;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years ;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

One Upward Look Each Day. 43

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

MONDAY

OPEN THE WINDOWS

Let there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as truth
itself,
And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and
grobe

44 *One Upward Look Each Day.*


Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with their golden waves of love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out be-
liefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars,
And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-
crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half truths and grasp the
whole.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

TUESDAY

THREE HELPS

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.



Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather ;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah ! the cheerless weather !"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it !
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it ?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother,
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it ;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto to souls that shiver ;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

WEDNESDAY

THE BLIND SPINNER

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days ;

46 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

I know that all the treads will run
 Appointed ways ;
I know each day will bring its task ;
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
 Of that I spin ;
I only know that some one came,
 And laid within
My hand the thread, and said : "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
 And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
 And fear that I
Shall fall ; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
 That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
 Past time and race,
My threads will have ; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

And now I listen, day by day,
 To hear their tread

One Upward Look Each Day. 47

Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."
Helen Hunt Jackson.

THURSDAY

FAILURES

Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed.
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain.
There is no failure for the good and wise;
What though thy seed should fall by the way-
side,
And the birds snatch it; yet the birds are fed,
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead.
Charles Kingsley.

FRIDAY

HOLD STILL

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;

And yet I whisper—As God will!
And, in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer—blow on blow;
And yet I whisper—As God will!
And, in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting—As God will!
And, trusting in the end, hold still.
Charles T. Brooks. From the German.

SATURDAY

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Keep striving: the winners are those who have
striven
And fought for the prize that no idler has
won;
To the hands of the steadfast alone it is given,
And before it is gained there is work to be
done.

Keep climbing: the earnest and steadfast have
scaled

The height where the pathway was rough to
the feet;

But the faint-hearted faltered, and faltering,
failed,

And sank down by the wayside in helpless
defeat.

Keep hoping: the clouds hide the sun for a
time,

But sooner or later they scatter and flee,
And the path glows like gold to the toilers who
climb

To the heights where men look over land-
scape and sea.

Keep onward—right on, till the prize is at-
tained;

Front the future with courage, and obstacles
fall.

By those, and those only, the victory's gained
Who keep faith in themselves and in God
over all.

Eben E. Rexford.

JULY

SUNDAY

REST IN THE LORD

God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn.
Would we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

Only upon *some* cross of pain or woe
God's Son must lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin must
know
Its Calvary.

Yet we must crave neither for joy nor grief,
God chooses best;
He only knows our sick soul's fit relief,
And gives us rest.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,
The Father, in His tenderness divine,
Yearneth to bless.

One Upward Look Each Day. 51

He never sends a joy not meant in love,
Still less a pain;
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove,
Our faith the rain.

In His hands we are safe. We falter on
Through storm and mire:
Above, beside, around us there is One
Will never tire.

What though we fall, and bruised and wounded
lie,
Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In Him we trust.

For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us that we should go
From His great love.
Frances Power Cobbe.

MONDAY

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY

Strive; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,

52 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

And melt in your hand away ;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now, perchance, disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait ; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow ;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray ; though the gift you asked for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day ;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

Adelaide Proctor.

TUESDAY

CONTENTMENT

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid,
Love that not ever seems to tire,
Such rich provision made.
— *R. C. Trench.*

WEDNESDAY

PURE RELIGION AND UNDEFILED

He whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns to bless,
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

54 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

O brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.
To worship rightly is to love each other—
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a
prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was "doing good";
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's
temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

— J. G. Whittier.

THURSDAY

SIN OF OMISSION

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender words forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel

One Upward Look Each Day. 55

You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own!

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find!
No! it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heart-ache
At the setting of the sun.

Margaret E. Sangster.

FRIDAY

FREEDOM

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

56 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak:
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think,
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

— *J. R. Lowell.*

SATURDAY

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

Hast thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching:
"What and where is Truth?"

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end:

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and weapon strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

AUGUST

SUNDAY

THE HEART'S PRAYER

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing, no mortal can
see ;

So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God ! silent to Thee ;
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though
clouded,

The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea ;
So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded, \

The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
Thee,

My God ! trembling to Thee ;
True, sure, trembling to Thee.

Thomas Moore.

MONDAY

DUTY

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty.
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noon-day light and truth to thee.

Ellen Hooper.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

R. W. Emerson.

The day is short,
The task is great:
It is not incumbent on thee to complete the
work,
But thou must not therefore cease from it.

The Rabbins.

TUESDAY

SONGS OF FAITH

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled :
 God has forgotten the world !
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead :
 God has forgotten the world !

Day will return with a fresher boon :
 God will remember the world !
Night will come with a newer moon :
 God will remember the world !

Evil is only the slave of good ;
 Sorrow, the servant of joy ;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
 Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
 And love is lit by the breath of sighs :
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
 Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm ;
 Safely the flower sleeps under the snow ;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
 Till the cold wind starts to blow.

One Upward Look Each Day. 61

Day will return with a fresher boon:

God will remember the world!

Night will come with a newer moon:

God will remember the world!

J. G. Holland.

WEDNESDAY

THE DEEPER THINGS

Children of men! the unseen Power whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That man did ever find.

Which hath not taught weak wills how much
they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man,
"Thou must be born again?"

Children of men, not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit
well

The Friend of Man desires.

Matthew Arnold.

THURSDAY

DEEDS AND WORDS DIE NOT

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more :
 But, for a thousand years,
 Their fruit appears,
 In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
 We count them ever past ;
 But they shall last :
 In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet.

John Keble.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;

For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

H. W. Longfellow.

FRIDAY

BUILDING

Souls are built as temples are,—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation-stone;
Then, the courses, framed to bear,
Lift the cloisters, pillared fair;
Last of all the airy spire,
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries;
Warring questions have their day,

64 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Here a carving rich and quaint,
There the image of a saint ;
Here a deep-hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle ;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful, careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Raised on truth's eternal law
Sure and steadfast, without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes ;
Every fair thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.

Susan Coolidge.

SATURDAY

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on:
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it
 still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman.

SEPTEMBER

SUNDAY

ALL FOR GOD

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let it sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my silver and my gold,—
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,—
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my will and make it Thine,—
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own,—
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

MONDAY

MY WEALTH

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchards and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine,—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze

68 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

To loiter on yon airy road
 Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams ;
 Each bears my own picked crew ;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
 Than ever India knew,—
My ships that sail into the East
 Across that outlet blue.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
 Float in upon the mist ;
The waves are broken precious stones,—
 Sapphire and amethyst,
Washed from celestial basement walls
 By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
 Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
 Glides on, a vessel swift ;
Yet loses not her anchorage,
 In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child ;
 The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase,
 Now the vast temple floor ;
The binding glory of the dome

One Upward Look Each Day. 69

I bow my head before.
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth, to me;
Yet here upon Thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad, when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.
Lucy Larcom.

TUESDAY

ANOTHER DAY

O God! I thank Thee for each sight
Of beauty that Thy hand doth give,
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God! I thank Thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to Thee;
And ever as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
To thank Thee for another morn;

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God;

Another day to do, to dare,
To tax anew my growing strength,
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and Thee at length.

Mrs. C. A. Mason.

WEDNESDAY

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother! take my hand," said she;
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of thee!

John G. Whittier.

THURSDAY

THE BEAUTIFUL

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
In matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patience, grace and daily prayer.

72 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.
Ellen P. Allerton.

FRIDAY

THE BETTER TIME COMING

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering 'round—
And heard its voice of living thunder!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which (when thinking was a crime)
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They pass'd, nor saw the work they wrought,
Nor the crowned hopes of centuries blossom;
But the living lightning of their thought
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great People's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future page
To our Humanity more truthful;
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords
To waken at the name of "Brother,"
Sure comes the time when scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! thy tyrants kill thy braves,
Yet in our memory live the sleepers,
And though doomed millions fill thy graves
Dug by death's fierce red-handed reapers,
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock God's own endeavor!
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers shall wreath the sword for-
ever!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!
Gerald Massey.

SATURDAY

OUR PRAYER

Father hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,

One Upward Look Each Day.

But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
De we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger.
Father, be Thou at our side.

Anon.

OCTOBER

SUNDAY

STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the day-
light,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slum-
ber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-
shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

76 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows
flee;

O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

MONDAY

LOOKING TO GOD

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again;
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,

One Upward Look Each Day. 77

To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.
Samuel Longfellow.

TUESDAY

REAL VICTORS

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,
its pean for those who have won;
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant,
and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and
hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors,
I stand on the field of defeat,
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen
and wounded and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their
pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,

78 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper,
 "They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have
 vanquished the demon that tempts us
 within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by
 the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer,
 resist, fight,—if need be, to die."

Speak, history! who are life's victors? Unroll
 thy long annals and say,—
Are they those whom the world called the
 victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell
 at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or
 Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

— *W. W. Story.*

WEDNESDAY

TRUE NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming;
 In doing each day that goes by
Some little good thing—not dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,

And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin or wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets;
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great or of small;
But just in the doing and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Alice Cary.

THURSDAY

FIDELITY AND PATIENCE

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,

The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done;
Nor till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost rest in Nature's eye,
Ask, how she viewed thy self-control,
Thy struggling, tasked morality,—
“Ah, child!” she cries, “that strife divine,
It was the life of God in thine.”

Matthew Arnold.

FRIDAY

GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY

When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane?

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—

There behold his agony
Suffering on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

Anon.

SATURDAY

ONE DAY AT A TIME

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

82 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

One day at a time! Every heart that aches,
Knows only too well how long they can
seem;
But it's never *to-day* which the spirit breaks
It's the darkened *future*, without a gleam.

One day at a time! But a single day,
Whatever its load, whatever its length;
And there's a bit of precious Scripture to say
That according to each, shall be our strength.

One day at a time! 'Tis the whole of life;
All sorrow, all joy, are measured therein;
The bound of our purpose, our noblest strife,
The one only countersign sure to win!

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

NOVEMBER

SUNDAY

A THANKSGIVING

For the wealth of pathless forests
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the wind that haunts the branches,
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests,
We thank Thee, O, our God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
We thank Thee, O, our God!

84 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
We thank Thee, O, our God!

For the hidden scroll o'erwritten
With one dear Name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of Thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own great gift of Being,
We thank Thee, O, our God!
Lucy Larcom.

MONDAY

NOT AS I WILL

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know

Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
 "Not as I will."

"Not as I will"—the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will!" The darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought
 steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All my unrest and loneliness.

"Not as I will," because the one
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
 "Not as we will."

Helen Hunt Jackson.

TUESDAY

LONGING

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,

86 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must ope the portal; ,
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,

But when the spirit beckons,—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction, ,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

— J. R. Lowell.

WEDNESDAY

IF WE KNEW

If we knew the woe and heartache
That awaits us on the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,—
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er may be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window-pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again,
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

88 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced birds have flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
Making of the earth a heaven
As we journey on our way.
Mrs. Mary Riley Smith.

THURSDAY

WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

One Upward Look Each Day. 89

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the
rain;
Come gently as Thy holy dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me!
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delight so well,
As when, from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.
—— *Jones Very.*

FRIDAY

MINISTERING SPIRITS

Why come not spirits from the realms of
glory
To visit earth as in the days of old,—
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown
cold?
No! earth has angels, though their forms are
moulded

90 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions
folded,
We know them by the lovelight on their
brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
Theirs were the soft tone and the soundless
tread;
Where smitten hearts were dropping like the
willow,
They stood "between the living and the
dead."

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's
hearth;
And, where they passed, the fallen have up-
risen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had
birth.

Oh! many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

Anon.

SATURDAY

PRAYER

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched grounds refresh, as with a
shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel how weak! we rise how full of
power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this
, wrong,

Or others,—that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with
Thee?

R. C. Trench.

DECEMBER

SUNDAY

A SONG OF TRUST

O Love Divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best!
Fain would I come and rest to-day
Upon thy tender breast;
And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, "Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with Thy
love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?"

I pray not, then, because I would,—
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust.
And Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

I would not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou still must be;

Yea, Thou art God, and what Thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love Divine, most far and near,
Upon Thy tender breast.

J. W. Chadwick.

MONDAY

EVERY DAY

Oh, trifling tasks so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
Oh, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long year thro'!
We shrink beneath their paltry sway,—
The irksome calls of every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our souls a sudden bravery fills;
But we endure not always so
The drop by drop of little ills;
We still deplore and still obey
The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares

94 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
The needle-points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require.
Sweet Patience! grant us, if we may,
An added grace for every day!
Elizabeth Akers Allen.

TUESDAY

ANGELS DISGUISED

All of God's angels come to us disguised.
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning mask;
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,

All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

—— *J. R. Lowell.*

BEST AS IT IS

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think, if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
Life would be disenchanted.

—— *J. Besemeres.*

WEDNESDAY

TO-DAY . .

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance new burdens I may bear
To-day, for love's sweet sake.

96 *One Upward Look Each Day.*

New hopes to open in the sun ;
New efforts worth the will ;
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfill.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hands to sow,
Whereby, for others and for me
Undreamed of fruit may grow.

And if, when eventide shall fall
In shades across my way,
It seems that naught my thoughts recall
But life of every day,—

Yet if each step in shine or shower
Shall be with Thee for guide,
Then blest be every happy hour
That keeps me at thy side.

Anon.

THURSDAY

SOMETIME

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been
learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,

One Upward Look Each Day. 97

The things which our weak judgments here
 have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
 wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were
 right,
And how what seemed reproof was love
 most true.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's
 wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and
 shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
 Pours out the potion for our lips to drink.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,
 And stand within, and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor hearts;
 God's plans like lillies pure and white un-
 fold;

We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may
rest,
When we shall know and clearly understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the
best."

Mrs. May Riley Smith.

FRIDAY

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

I say to thee, Do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of Love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all our shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread ;
A dreary labyrinth may thread ;
Through pathways underground be led ;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The drearest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

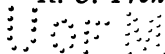
And, ere thou leave him, say thou this,—
Yet one word more : they only miss
The winning of that final bliss

Who will not count it true, that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further makes him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,—
That this is Blessing, this is Life.

R. C. Trench.



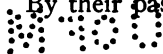
SATURDAY

HEIRSHIP

Little store of wealth have I ;
Not a rood of land I own ;
Not a mansion fair and high,
Built with towers of fretted stone ;
Stocks, nor bonds, nor title-deeds,
Flocks nor herds have I to show ;
When I ride, no Arab steeds
Toss for me their manes of snow.

Yet to an immense estate
Am I heir, by grace of God—
Richer, grander, than doth wait
Any earthly monarch's nod.
Heir of all the ages I—
Heir of all that they have wrought,
All their store of emprise high,
All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs
Sheds its lustre on my way ;
All their labors, all their prayers
Sanctify this present day !
Heir of all that they have earned
By their passion and their tears ;



One Upward Look Each Day. 101

Heir of all that they have learned
Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime
On whose wings they soared to heaven;
Heir of every hope that Time
To earth's fainting sons hath given,—
Aspirations pure and high;
Strength to dare and to endure;
Heir of all the ages, I—
Lo! I am no longer poor!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

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